TV COMIC 7d

Every Monday | Week Ending 4th January, 1969 | Number 890

Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN

SIT DOWN WHEN THE MUSIC STOPS!
ONLY TEN MINUTES TO GO AND ALL THE CLOCKS IN KNOTTY ASH WILL CHIME IN THE NEW YEAR!
MY FLIGHT IS GOING AS PLANNED... I PICK UP A COUPLE OF BUNS, A SAUSAGE ROLL AND A JAM TART ON ROUTE... THEN LAND IN THE CREAM CAKE! HA! HA!
CALENDAR
OLD YEAR
NEW YEAR
LEAP YEAR
SUN MON TUES WED THU FRID SAT
MUSICAL CHAIR
MOUSICAL CHAIRS
WHAT A GREAT NEW YEAR PARTY!
HAPPY NEW YEAR SIDDYS
OH NO! OUR CLOCK'S CRACKING UP!
GRONG
CREAK
WOW!
IT MUSTN'T STOP TICKING NOW... WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE THE ONLY CLOCK IN KNOTTY ASH THAT DOESN'T CHIME IN THE NEW YEAR!
WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
THE DIDDYMEN DECIDE TO OPERATE AND SAVE THE CLOCK...
WE'VE ONLY SIX MINUTES IN WHICH TO SAVE OUR CLOCK... I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THE OPERATION!

More happy new laughs on page 2.

HMM! AS I THOUGHT... IT'S GOT A DODGEY TICKER!

QUICK AS A FLASH THE DIDDY DOCTORS SET UP SOME APPARATUS...

THIS TICK TRANSFUSION SHOULD HELP!

JUST TO MAKE SURE... HAND ME SOME TOCK TABLETS!

I THINK OUR TREATMENT IS WORKING...

HURRY, PONSONBY... HURRY! THERE'RE ONLY THREE MINUTES TO GO BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

AND SO, AT TWO MINUTES TO TWELVE...

THERE! IT'S TICKING AND TOCKING AWAY AS GOOD AS NEW... I THINK IT'S WELL ENOUGH TO GET UP AND CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR WITH US!

TICK! TOCK!

TICK TOCK

SO THE DIDDYMEN AND THEIR CLOCK RING IN THE NEW YEAR...

DING! DONG!

DING! DONG!

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT..FOR THE SAKE OF ♫ AULD LANG SYNE... ♫

THEY DANCE AROUND AND GUZZLE LOTS OF POP...

HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE!

SAME TO YOU, HAMISH! CHEERS!

WHOOPEE!

AND PRETTY SOON THE DIDDYMEN FEEL ILL...

URG! I'VE GUZZLED TOO MUCH PIZZY POP!

GROAN! I DON'T PEEL TOO GOOD!

GREW! ME NEITHER!

JUST THEN DR. DOODY POPS IN...

HAPPY NEW YEAR, FELLAS... I HEARD YOU GROANING... THIS TICKLE TONIC'LL PUT YOU RIGHT!

MOAN! NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO RECEIVE SOME DIDDY DOCTORING!

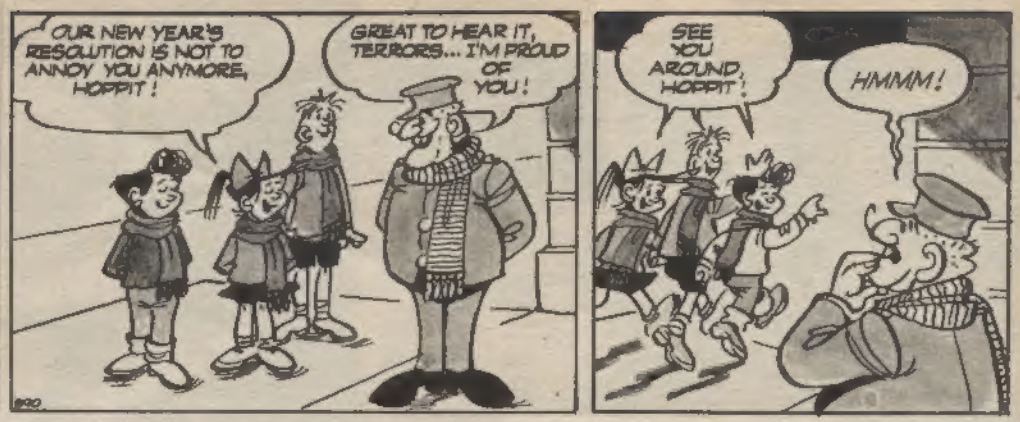
HE! HE!

MOAN!

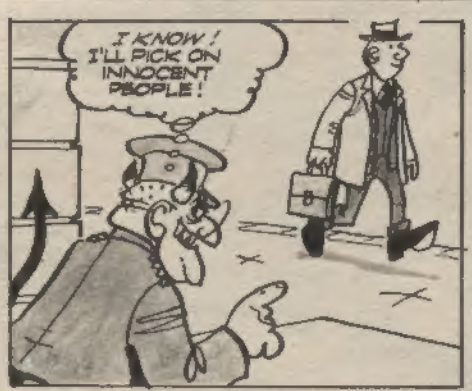
URK!

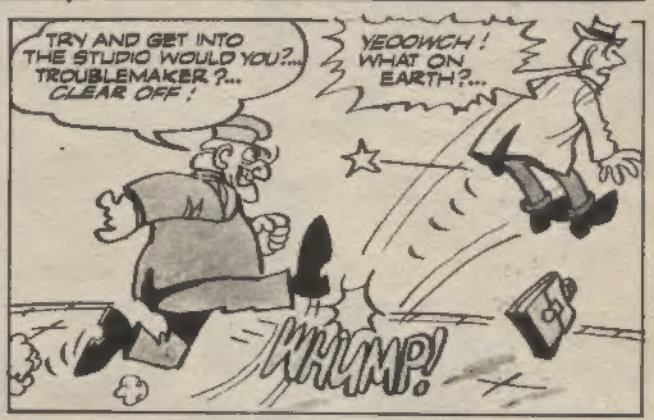
The Diddymen star in another tattifilarious tale next week!

TV Terrors


OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION IS NOT TO ANNOY YOU ANYMORE, HOPPIT!
GREAT TO HEAR IT, TERRORS... I'M PROUD OF YOU!
SEE YOU AROUND, HOPPIT!
HMMM!

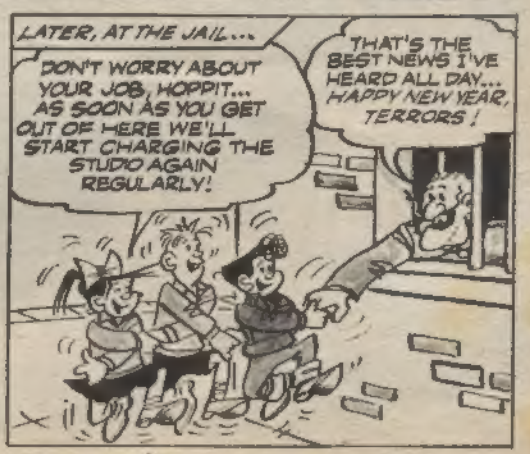
LATER STILL...
UNLESS TROUBLEMAKERS TRYING TO CHARGE INTO THE STUDIO TURN UP SOON, WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIRE YOU AND SAVE LOTS OF MONEY, HOPPIT!
TREMBLE!
GULP... OH, DEAR... YES... I... ER... SUPPOSE YOU WILL, SIR!
SHAKE!





MINUTES LATER...
THE PRODUCER WILL HEAR ALL THE NOISE AND KNOW I'M EARNIN' ME KEEP... THERE'S ANOTHER INNOCENT VICTIM I CAN BOOT! HEH! HEH!

HOPPIT YOU LONG HAIRED TV FAN... I SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO PESTER FAMOUS STARS WITH YOUR AUTOGRAPH BOOK?
THAT'S IT, HOPPIT... GIVE IT TO 'EM!
BUT I'M AN ARTIST AND THIS IS A SKETCH BOOK! NYAAARGH!


LATER, AT THE JAIL...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR JOB, HOPPIT... AS SOON AS YOU GET OUT OF HERE WE'LL START CHARGING THE STUDIO AGAIN REGULARLY!
THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD ALL DAY... HAPPY NEW YEAR, TERRORS!

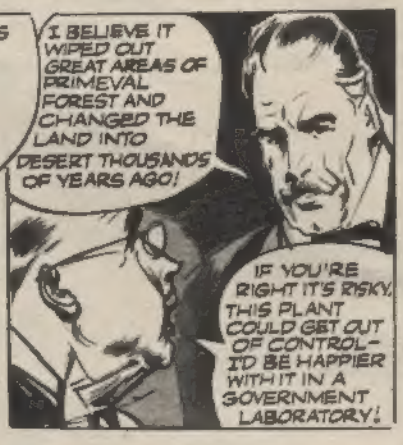
Rocket powered autograph books v boot mortars in next week's space age studio battle!

THE AVENGERS

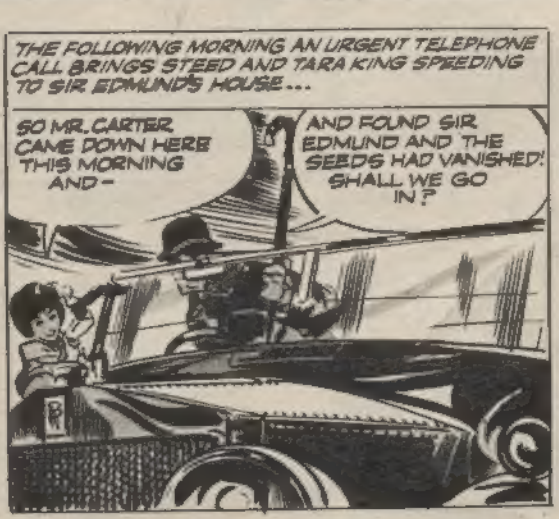
HAVING recently returned from an expedition in Africa, the famous naturalist and explorer, Sir Edmund Whittington, has invited Gilbert Carter, a senior civil servant of the Ministry of Agriculture, to dinner at his home in Surrey . . .

YOU SAY THE SEEDS YOU FOUND IN THE DESERT ARE OF PREHISTORIC ORIGIN, SIR EDMUND?
CERTAIN OF IT, GILBERT— IF YOU'LL COME INTO THE LIBRARY YOU CAN SEE ONE THAT I'M HOPING WILL GERMINATE!

AN IVY SO VIGOROUS THAT IT WILL SMOTHER ALL OTHER FORMS OF VEGETATION!
HMM... AND YOU EXPECT SOME STRANGE FORM OF IVY WILL GROW FROM THIS SEED?


I BELIEVE IT WIPED OUT GREAT AREAS OF PRIMEVAL FOREST AND CHANGED THE LAND INTO DESERT THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!
IF YOU'RE RIGHT IT'S RISKY. THIS PLANT COULD GET OUT OF CONTROL— I'D BE HAPPIER WITH IT IN A GOVERNMENT LABORATORY!

AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUSLY OVER CAUTIOUS AND OFFICIAL, GILBERT!
BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY, SIR EDMUND— I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW MORNING TO COLLECT THOSE SEEDS!


THE FOLLOWING MORNING AN URGENT TELEPHONE CALL BRINGS STEED AND TARA KING SPEEDING TO SIR EDMUND'S HOUSE...
SO MR. CARTER CAME DOWN HERE THIS MORNING AND—
AND FOUND SIR EDMUND AND THE SEEDS HAD VANISHED! SHALL WE GO IN?

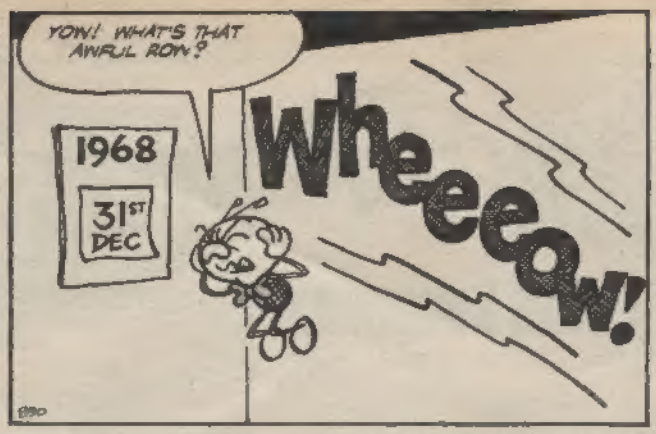
AS YOU CAN SEE, STEED— SIGNS OF A VIOLENT STRUGGLE, AND THE SEEDS STOLEN!
YES... IT LOOKS AS IF SIR EDMUND SURPRISED WHOEVER BROKE IN BUT WAS OVER-POWERED!

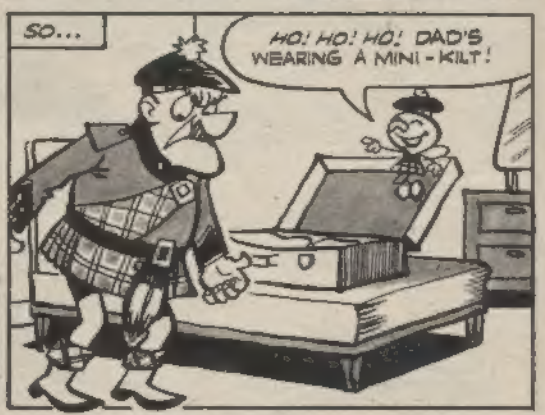
STEED— THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT THE IVY OUTSIDE THIS WINDOW...
AND THERE'S SOMETHING ODD HERE— SCRAWLED ON THE BLOTTER!

Based on the Thames Television production

More thrills with The Avengers next week!

Mighty Moth

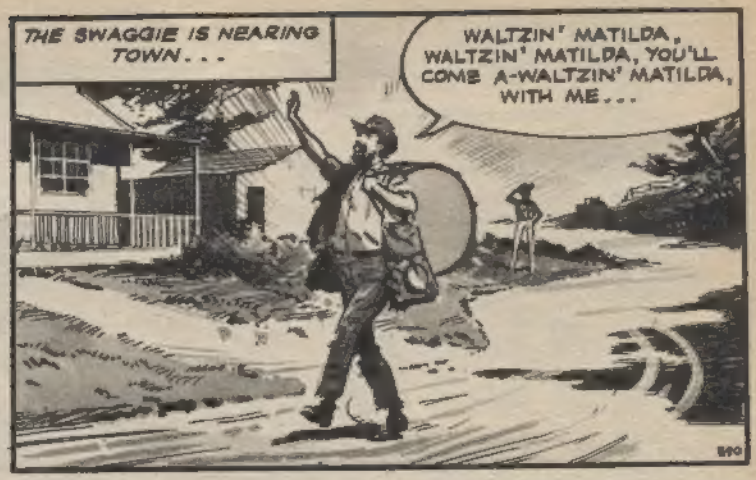


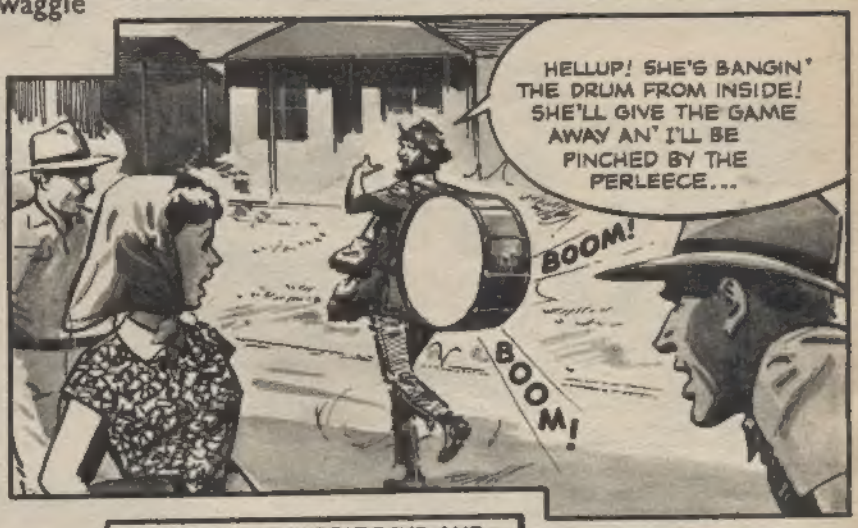


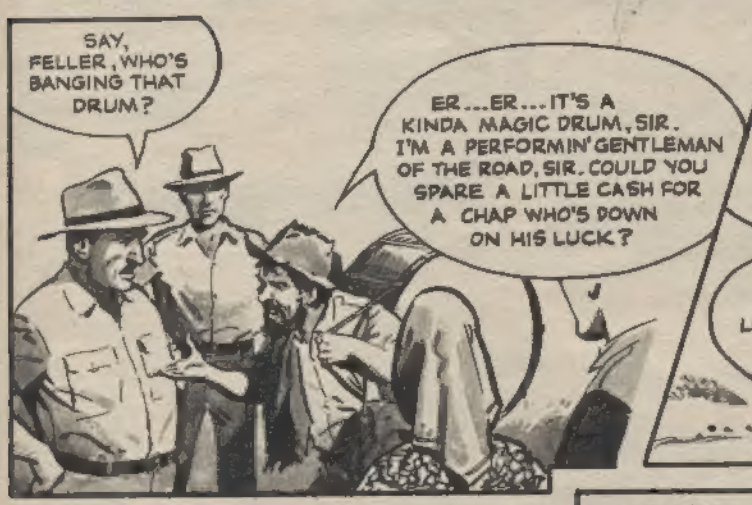
Super splatts and dynamic ducks in the snowball fight of the year next week!

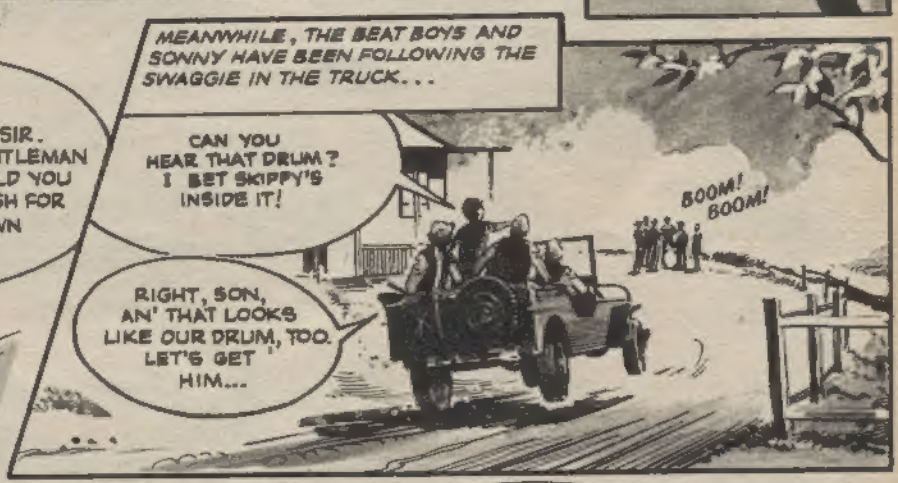
SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

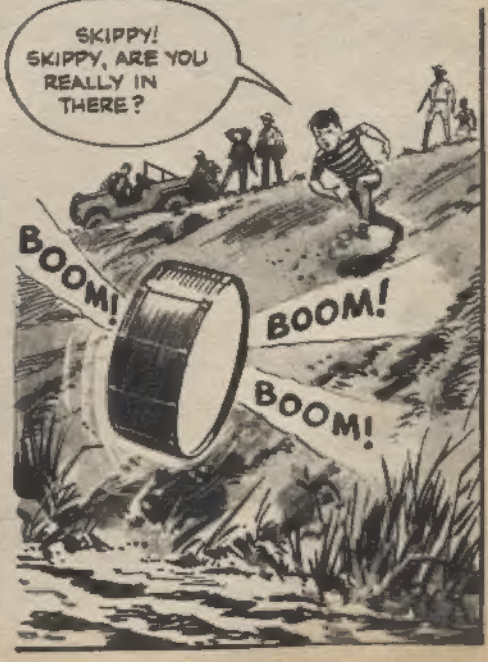
SKIPPY has been kidnapped by a swagman and put in a big drum which the swaggie is carrying strapped to his back. A new beat group wants Skippy for a drummer, and Sonny has been helping to train her, but the swaggie thinks he will have her for himself . . .






SAY, FELLER, WHO'S BANGING THAT DRUM?
ER...ER...IT'S A KINDA MAGIC DRUM, SIR. I'M A PERFORMIN' GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD, SIR. COULD YOU SPARE A LITTLE CASH FOR A CHAP WHO'S DOWN ON HIS LUCK?


MEANWHILE, THE BEAT BOYS AND SONNY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE SWAGGIE IN THE TRUCK . . .
CAN YOU HEAR THAT DRUM? I BET SKIPPY'S INSIDE IT!
RIGHT, SON, AN' THAT LOOKS LIKE OUR DRUM, TOO. LET'S GET HIM...
BOOM! BOOM!



Norfolk International Films Ltd.

Is Skippy rolling towards a watery grave? Don't miss next week's gripping instalment!

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops

IN THE KROOKS' HIDEOUT...
I PINCHED THESE WARM GREATKOATS. THERE'S ONE FOR EACH OF US.
OOO, GOODY!
HOW SMART!
THESE KOATS ARE WONDERFUL FOR KEEPING OUT THE KOLD!
SNUG AND WARM
LATER, IN KEYSTONE...
GIANT STORE
OUR KOATS HAVE OTHER USES APART FROM PROTECTING US AGAINST THE KRUEL WEATHER KONDITIONS... I'LL SHOW YOU!
THEY'RE IDEAL FOR SHOPLIFTING WITH THEIR GIANT POCKETS. HAR! HAR! HAR!
WEAR
ON LEAVING THE STORE...
OKE
OH, DEAR... HERE KOME THE KOPS!
DON'T WORRY, LADS, OUR KOATS WILL SAVE US!
HUDDLE!
WE CAN EVEN HIDE FROM THE KOPS IN THESE KOATS! HEH-HEH!
A LITTLE LATER...
BANK
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE ANOTHER ADVANTAGE OF THESE INCREDIBLE GARMENTS.
IT IS POSSIBLE TO HIDE A COMPLETE ARMOURY INSIDE THEM!
HANDS UP! THIS IS A RAID!
MINUTES LATER...
BANK
THE POCKETS COME IN HANDY YET AGAIN FOR FILLING WITH BANKNOTES. HAW! HAW!
BUT...
IT'S THE KROOKS!
AFTER 'EM!
IT'S THE KOPS AGAIN... AND THEY'VE SEEN US THIS TIME.
RUN FOR IT, BOYS!
EEEEK!
WE'VE KOME A KROPPER ON OUR LONG KOATS!
?
SPLAT!
STUMBLE!
TRIP!
HA! HA! HA!
IT APPEARS THE KOATS HAVE ONE DISADVANTAGE... THEY'RE NO GOOD FOR RUNNING AWAY IN!
TO JAIL

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

BASIL BRUSH

LUVVUS! YOUR DRESSING GOWN'S SPLIT, GUV! YOU'LL 'AVE TO DIET AND LOSE THE FAT YOU PUT ON H'AT CHRISTMAS!..
RIP!
NONSENSE, CHUMMERS... I'M ERRR... SLIM REALLY. NOW WHERE'S THE BREAKFAST?
AH! FOOD! CHUMMERS OLD CHAPPIE, I'M ABSOLUTELY RAVENOUS!
DON'T GET TOO H'EXCITED, GUV. REMEMBER YOU'RE ON A DIET...
GREAT VANISHING VITAMINS! THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO KEEP A FULL-GROWN FOX ALIVE!
MAKE THE MOST OF IT, GUV... HEE-HEE! I'LL BE IN THE KITCHEN IF YOU WANT ME!
...AND WHAT IS MY BUTLER HAVING TO EAT, I WONDER?... HAVE TO TAKE A LOOK INTO THIS!
SO! WHILE I FAINT AWAY WITH HUNGER, YOU'RE FEASTING YOURSELF, EH?
OH! WELL, GUV... I DON'T NEED TO LOSE ANY WEIGHT... EER... DO I!
WE'LL BOTH GO ON A DIET THEN! OUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTION... TO LOSE FIVE POUNDS!
FIVE POUNDS! 'AVE A 'EART, GUV. I'M NOTHING BUT SKIN AND BONE H'ALREADY!
LUVVUS... 'ARDLY WORTH DIRTYING THE PLATE WITH THIS LITTLE LOT, GUV... (SIGH!)
(GROAN!) ANOTHER DAY OF BOILED EGGS AND LETTUCE AND I'LL TURN INTO A RABBIT OR A CHICKEN!
"SATISFY THAT HUNGER WITH..."
GREAT AMPLE APPETITES THIS IS TOO MUCH! EVERYTHING REMINDS ME OF FOOD!
BUT GUV, WHAT ABOUT SUPPER? A NICE PIECE OF ERRR... TOAST!
OOOH! I'M STARVING... AND I BET I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP FOR NOISE MY HUNGRY TUMMY'S MAKING!
ZZZZZZ
POP!
THAT DOES IT! RESOLUTION OR NO RESOLUTION! I MUST JOLLY WELL EAT SOMETHING!
I HOPE CHUMMERS DOESN'T CATCH ME... I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO LOOK HIM IN THE EYES AGAIN!
SORRY, GUV... I COULDN'T STAND H'IT ANY LONGER... I WAS WASTING H'AWAY FROM 'UNGER!
GREAT BLOATED BACKSLIDERS! YOU'RE HERE TOO, CHUMMERS!
LET'S MAKE A NEW YEARS RESOLUTION, CHUMMERS... NO MORE NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS AND WHAT'S MORE, NO MORE DIETS!
DONE! I'D RATHER FEED ME FACE AND GET FAT, GUV... THAN STARVE MESELF TO STAY SLIM... HEE-HEE!

Brush up your mirth muscles with Basil next week!

ARTHUR

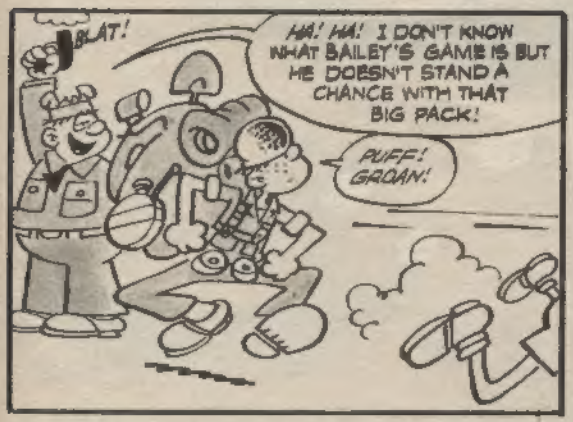
and his Square Knights of the Round Table

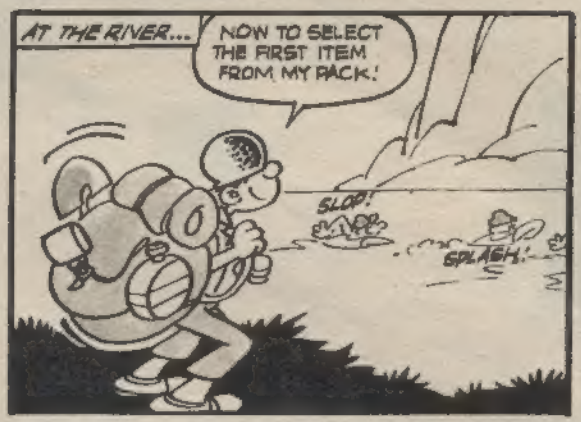
BAH! THE QUEEN HAS MADE ME RESOLVE NOT TO FIGHT WITH BARON BROADBASE!
GLOOM
SHE'S EVEN OPENED MY CASTLE TO THE PUBLIC... IT'S GOING TO BE A BORING DAY!
CASTLE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC SPECIAL NEW YEAR TREAT
MEANWHILE...
ALL IS READY FOR MY EXPERIMENT TO TURN TWO MEN INTO MONKEYS... ALL I NEED NOW IS TWO MEN!
SO MERLIN GRABS TWO VISITORS...
YOU'LL DO FINE!
MERLIN'S LAB.
AAARGH! THAT HORRID MAGICIAN IS EXPERIMENTING ON OUR CHUMS!
HOW DREADFUL!
MEANWHILE IN THE COURTYARD...
OUR JOUSTING WILL GET RUSTY IF WE DON'T HAVE SOME ACTION AGAINST BROADBASE SOON!
YOU'RE RIGHT... WE'D BETTER PRACTISE!
SO...
C-H-A-R-G-E!
HEY!
WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
GRR! THE KING AND QUEEN INVITE US HERE FOR A SPECIAL TREAT.. THEN THE ROYAL MAGICIAN TURNS TWO VISITORS INTO MONKEYS... AND THE KNIGHTS CHARGE US DOWN!
C-H-A-R-G-E!
HELP!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE JOUSTING!
WE MUST GET OUR OWN BACK!
ARM YOURSELVES... IT'S TIME FOR REVENGE!
HE'S RIGHT... ARM YOURSELVES!
AND SO...
BOMBARD THE ROYAL ROTTERS, CITIZENS!
GULP!
I COULDN'T FIGHT BROADBASE.. BUT I CAN FIGHT THE CITIZENS! IT'S A HAPPY NEW YEAR AFTER ALL..! HA! HA! HA!
URK!

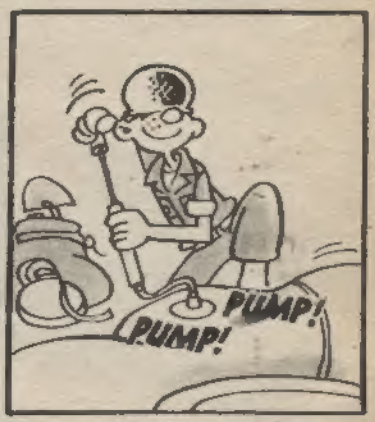
Arthur's men get hot tempered next week when he makes them go for a cold swim!

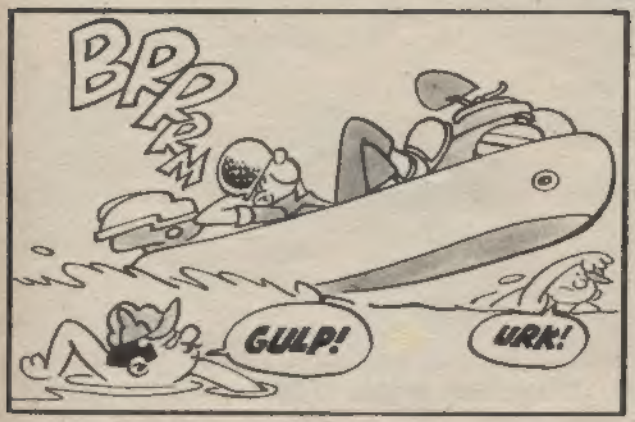
Air Programs International

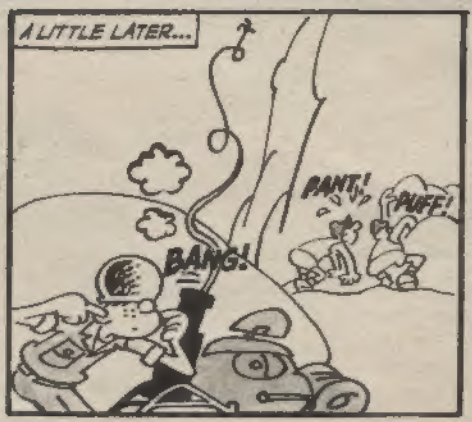
BEETLE BAILEY

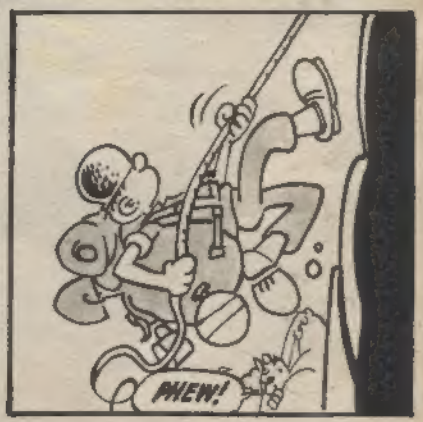


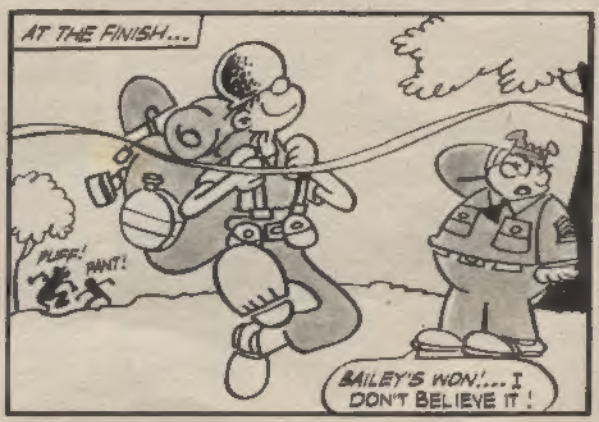


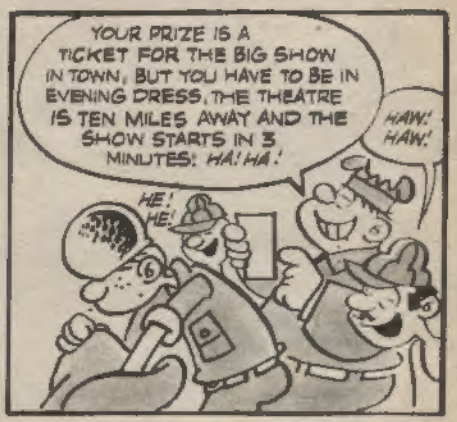


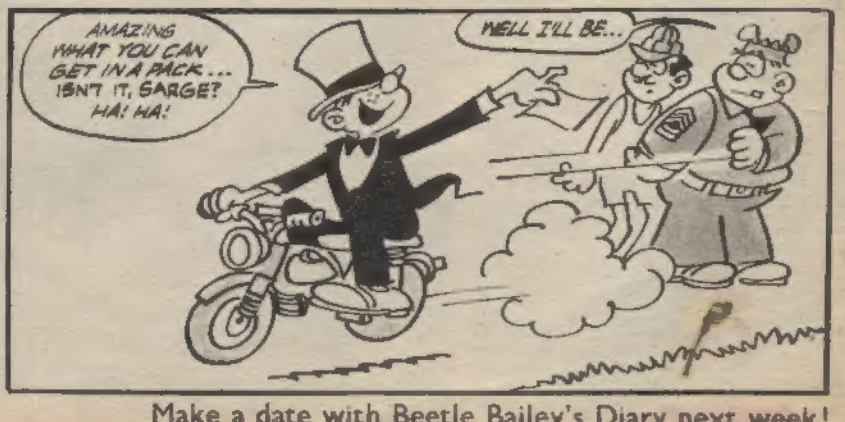









YOUR PRIZE IS A TICKET FOR THE BIG SHOW IN TOWN, BUT YOU HAVE TO BE IN EVENING DRESS, THE THEATRE IS TEN MILES AWAY AND THE SHOW STARTS IN 3 MINUTES! HA! HA!
HAW! HAW!
HE! HE!



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Make a date with Beetle Bailey's Diary next week!

HOW

How quickly can you solve it?

SOMETHING has gone wrong with this smoke signal, but if you change one letter in each word you will get our message. You will find the answer at the foot of the page.

How an old Roman god is remembered today

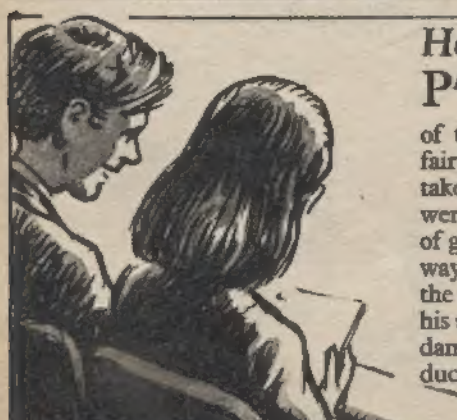
JANUARY is named after the old Roman god Janus who had two faces, one looking forward and the other backward. He was the god of beginnings and ends, and the protector of gates and doorways. His festival was held on New Year's Day when the Romans gave each other presents, and his temple, which had twelve doors, was closed in peace time and kept open in war. During a period of 700 years it was shut only three times!

How to make shadow pictures

A SIMPLE frame covered with a sheet of grease proof paper with an electric lamp behind it, as shown here, makes a fine screen for shadow pictures. Below are four simple ones to start with.

How to blow a flame towards you

THIS is a simple scientific experiment. Anybody who does not know the secret will either blow the flame away from themselves, or blow the candle right out. The small diagram shows how it is done and why it happens. You just hold a piece of card between yourself and the candle and blow on it.



How the pantomime has changed

PANTOMIME, when it first came to these islands from the Continent at the beginning of the 18th century, was not based on a few fairy stories as it is today, but on many plots taken from Greek and Roman legends. No words were spoken, the whole story being told by means of gestures and dances. The characters were always the same, Harlequin the hero, Columbine the heroine, her pompous father Pantaloon, and his servant the Clown. The modern pantomime dame is based on the clown in these early productions.

Answer to smoke signal puzzle.

A Happy New Year to you all.

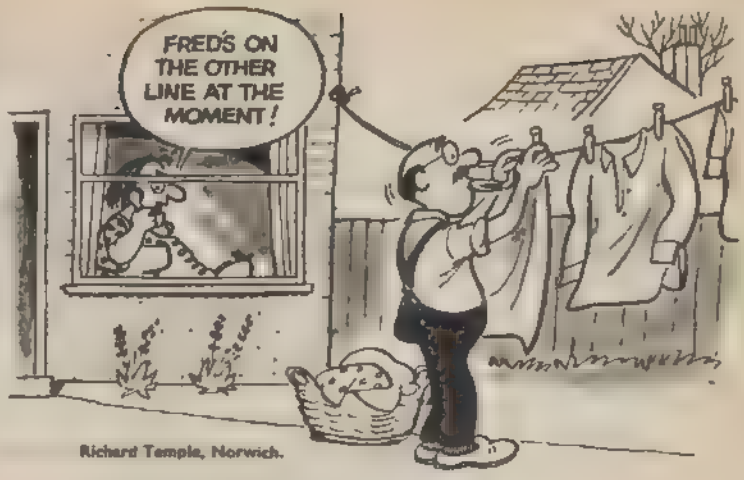
Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production

For interesting information and great puzzles see the HOW page every week!

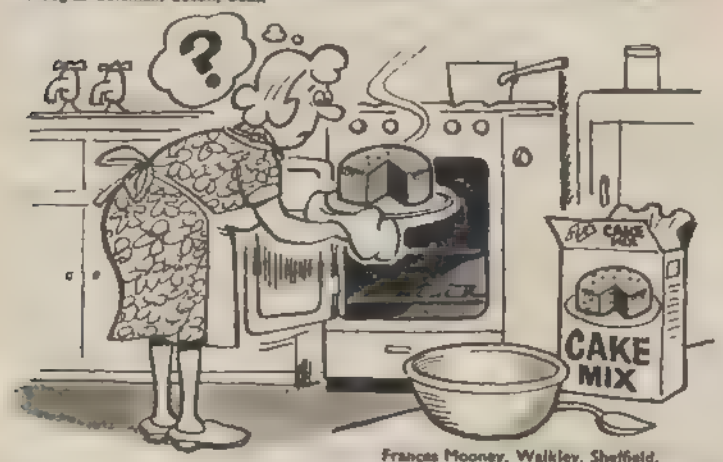
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

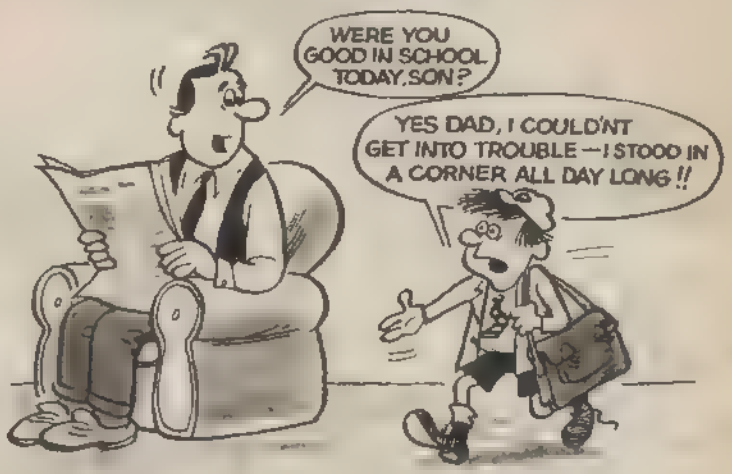
Douglas Coleman, Luton, Beds.



Richard Temple, Norwich.



Frances Mooney, Walkley, Sheffield.



Mary Mason, Bassett, Southampton.

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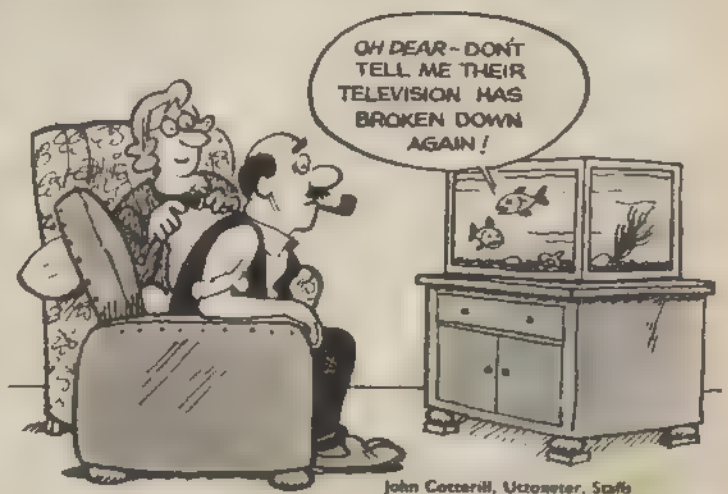

John Cotterill, Uttoxeter, Staffs

More jokes next week!

Larry Harmon's LAUREL & HARDY

© 1969, Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

IS THERE ANY LITTLE JOB WE COULD DO IN EXCHANGE FOR A COUPLE OF FREE TICKETS, MANAGER?
CERTAINLY! CLEAR ALL THIS SNOW AWAY FROM THE FRONT OF THE HALL!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...
I'M FAGGED OUT... WE'LL NEVER GET ALL THIS SHIFTED IN TIME FOR THE PARTY! (GRUNT!)
(GREW!) I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT... THE TASK IS IMPOSSIBLE! (PANT!)

WHEN THE PEDESTRIANS LEAVE...
YOU BOYS HAVE DONE A GREAT JOB... HERE ARE YOUR TICKETS!
THANKS, MANAGER... BUT WE'RE TOO ILL TO GO NOW! (SNIFF!)
A-S-H-O-O-O!

AT HOME, LATER...
H-HAPPY NEW YEAR, OLLIE! (SNIFF!)
SAME TO YOU, STAN! TUCK INTO OUR FEAST OF HEALTH FOODS AND COLD CURES! (GREW!)
CRACK
COLD CURE

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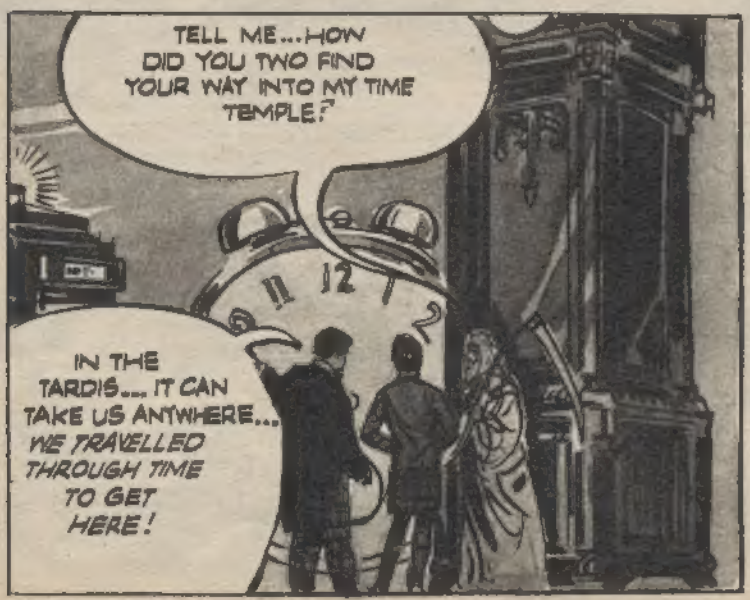
Doctor WHO

THE Tardis whirls through time and space heading for an unknown destination. Suddenly it begins to materialise in the shadow of a towering clock . . .

THE TARDIS IS MATERIALISING, JAMIE... I CAN'T BE SURE, BUT THE VIDEO SCREEN SHOWS WHAT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT CLOCK NEARBY...
POLICE BOX
MAYBE IT'S BIG BEN... WE COULD BE IN LONDON!

BUT JAMIE SOON REALISES HIS MISTAKE...
OCH, I DON'T BELIEVE IT... A GRANDFATHER CLOCK OVER TWENTY FEET HIGH!
THIS CERTAINLY ISN'T LONDON!


TELL ME... HOW DID YOU TWO FIND YOUR WAY INTO MY TIME TEMPLE?
IN THE TARDIS... IT CAN TAKE US ANYWHERE... WE TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME TO GET HERE!

THE DOCTOR'S WORDS TRIGGER OFF FATHER TIME'S TERRIFYING TEMPER...
TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME?... NO MAN MUST TRAVEL THROUGH TIME... YOU WRETCHED CREATURES MUST BE PUNISHED FOR YOUR EVIL EXCURSIONS!

© BBC tv 1969

THROWING A SWITCH THE ECCENTRIC FATHER TIME SETS OFF A DEAFENING ALARM...
B-R-I-I-N-N-G
THE SHRILL, VIBRATING RING FROM MY ALARM CLOCK WILL RENDER MERE HUMAN BEINGS UNCONCIOUS!
B-B-R-I-N-N-N
A-A-H!
R-I-N-N-G
CAN'T TAKE IT... MY EARS ARE BURSTING!
TRING
HELPLESS, BOTH OF THEM... NOW I SHALL PLAN THEIR PUNISHMENT!
TING
TING
WHEN THE DOCTOR AWAKES...
W-WHERE AM I?
WITH EVERY SWING OF THE PENDULUM YOU MOVE A LITTLE CLOSER TO MY VAT OF BOILING OIL!
BUT JAMIE... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH JAMIE?
HE IS SEALED IN MY HOUR GLASS... AS THE SAND TRICKLES THROUGH, EVENTUALLY HE WILL BE COMPLETELY BURIED!
GROAN!
YOU WHO HAVE MEDDLED WITH TIME MUST DIE BY THE SERVANTS OF TIME... THE PENDULUM AND THE HOUR GLASS!

The sands of time are running out for the space travellers! See next week's dramatic episode!

POPEYE
YIKE! OLIVE IS LOOKING FOR ME.. AND I KNOW WHY!
JAN 1 1969
EVERY YEAR SHE TRIES TO GET ME TO MAKE A RESOLUTION... I'LL HIDE IN THE BATHROOM!
WHEN OLIVE ENTERS THE BATHROOM, POPEYE HAS HIDDEN IN THE BATH WATER...
SO! HIDING FROM ME, EH?...
IT'S NO GOOD YOU HIDING.. YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION AND LIKE IT!
OKAY, OLIVE.. YOU WIN!
FOR MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION I PROMISE NOT TO PUNCH PEOPLE!..
.. AND YOU MAKE SURE YOU STICK TO IT, POPEYE!
A LITTLE LATER...
IT'S THE 1ST OF JANUARY TODAY! HAW! HAW!
HI, POPEYE!
OH, NO!.. IT'S YOU, BRUTUS! THIS MEANS TROUBLE!
OOUCH!
PUNCH
PUNCH!
THOK
AWK!
... FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH, POPEYE! HAW! HAW! HAW!
BAH!
MINUTES LATER...
HELP! ERK! HEY!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE IN THE HALL.. IT BETTER NOT BE POPEYE PUNCHING SOMEONE! GRRR!
CHOKE! SPLUTTER!
I'M NOT PUNCHING, BRUTUS, OLIVE... JUST WRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR WITH HIM! ARF! ARF! ARF!
1 1969
HE! HE! HE!

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Little Swee'pea causes big laughs next week!